

LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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NEWS FROM CHINA.

CELESTIALS IN NEW YORK DISCUSSING THE WAR IN COREA—A SCENE IN MOTT STREET.
DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.—[SEE PAGE 137.]
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LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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The Gubernatorial Nomination.



along the line in furtherance of this scheme.

WE do not hesitate to say that, in our opinion, the movement is unwise. Mr. Morton is not the sort of man who is needed in the Republican leadership, or in the gubernatorial chair, in the present condition of our politics. Nobody disputes his purity or respectability of character or his civic worth. But he is not, and never has been, in any true sense a personal force in affairs. His name is not linked with any notable or important measure of public policy. He has never influenced or dominated public thought, or displayed, as to any question of public concern, the quality of constructive statesmanship. Such prominence as he has acquired has been due to other considerations than resourceful affluence of equipment for the largest responsibilities. Another fact must be taken into account. Mr. Morton is a man of advanced years and uncertain health. He hasn't the grip upon himself which every man engaged in public activities ought to have. He would be unequal physically, if in every other respect fully qualified, for the severe demands which the gubernatorial office will make, in the next few years, upon its incumbent. We are, in this State, in a transition state politically. Not merely ordinary questions of administration, but policies of reform and of constitutional progress, are to be considered and settled. The government of cities, the adjustment of our judicial system to modernized ideas, the regulation and control of the suffrage and of election methods, the clearer and more satisfactory definition of the functions of legislation—all these are questions which the ruling party will be called to face and determine. Obviously the occupant of the executive chair, holding, as he does, an intimate relation to all these supremely important matters, should be something more than a mere figure-head—an incarnation of amiable respectability. In such a time as this the Empire State needs at its head a man of large capacity, physically as well as intellectually—a man of sturdy purpose, forceful, broad-minded, competent to deal with every problem as it arises, and withal in immediate touch with the most advanced thought and aspirations of the great constituency behind him.

But if none of these things were true it would still be an objection to Mr. Morton's nomination that it is sought to be accomplished by intrigue and the manipulation of primaries and caucuses. It is not assumed that Mr. Morton is a party to these intrigues; we do not believe that he is; but the effect upon the party, if he should be nominated by these means, will be precisely the same as if he were implicated in them. The Republicans of New York have grown tired of having their candidates selected by a junta of bosses, and then forced upon them without regard to their wishes and best convictions, and no nominee so selected can, in the face of existing tendencies to independence of thought and action, command that hearty support which a candidate "of the people and by the people" would receive. Is it worth while to provoke discord and perpetuate the domination in the party of influences which have always made for evil, by denying to the rank and file the right which belongs to them of

selecting as their standard-bearer a representative Republican who, coming to the chief magistracy, would be his own master, governed only by convictions of duty and fidelity to the public interests?

Democratic Incompetency and Dishonesty.



THE outcome of the prolonged struggle over the tariff question demonstrates both the incompetency and dishonesty of the Democratic party. That party came into power under distinct engagements to "reform" the tariff system by wholly eliminating the protection principle. It did not for a moment question its ability to deal with the subject intelligently and satisfactorily. In their ignorance of economic principles and laws the party leaders imagined that it would be a matter of only a week or so to break down a policy entrenched in the popular regard and touching a thousand interests, and build a new one upon its ruins. So they set about their task. One month, three, six, eight months passed, but no practical result was reached. Somehow the party carpentry did not prove to be as skillful, when put to a practical test, as it had been supposed to be. Even the experts who were called in for special service botched their work. There was no coherency of plan or purpose, no sincerity of motive. The result was that when a bill was finally completed it was a tangled maze of incongruities—an embodiment of crude and unsound ideas, born of ignorance and inexperience as to every subject covered by it. No such utterly preposterous measure proposing the establishment of an economic system had ever been devised by any party. It was the climax of absurdity, and it exhibited conclusively the incapacity of the ruling party to accomplish the work which it was solemnly engaged to perform.

But the party has not only shown itself to be incompetent; it has proved itself to be utterly dishonest, insincere, and unprincipled. For years it has rent the heavens with clamors against "protected" industries, and proclaimed war upon trusts and combinations of every kind and sort. Give us the power and we will throttle the insolent monopolists who are robbing the people, rescue the national legislature from their control, and inaugurate an era of industrial freedom in every sphere of activity—this was the promise and boast sounded in every ear. How has the promise been kept? Instead of crippling the combines which are fattening upon the people, these loud-mouthed reformers have given them new advantages of enormous value. And these advantages have been bestowed upon those interests precisely which had been most violently denounced. In the aggregate, the bill as passed will take out of the pockets of the people, millions upon millions of dollars per annum for the benefit of the sugar barons, the whisky kings, and other special interests. It leaves the country, in the opinion of such prominent Democrats as Senator Vilas and the chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, more absolutely than ever before at the mercy of the trusts. "The question now is," says Mr. Chairman Wilson, "whether this is a government by the American people for the American people, or a government of the sugar trust for the benefit of the sugar trust"—whether legislation shall or shall not be dominated by gigantic aggregations of monopolistic capital; and this condition of affairs has been made possible by the falsehood, cupidity, and dishonesty of the party which is pledged to its eyes to deliver us from the very evils it has aggravated.

It cannot be otherwise than that the people will rebuke as they deserve the incompetents and traitors who, by their shameless bargain-and-sale legislation, have brought disgrace upon the country and put in jeopardy some of its most important interests.

Wanted—A National Hymn.



WITH our abundance of poets and composers, our wealth and our patriotism, it is a little strange that we have never produced a truly national hymn. It is the more singular because the supply of the want is apparently a very easy matter. A practical way to initiate the movement would be for some such patriotic organization as the Sons of the American Revolution to offer a large enough cash prize to induce our best poets and composers to enter into competition, it being understood that the words and music of the hymn should be decided by competent, unbiased committees; both words and tune to be published in stereotype-plates supplied at cost to the entire American press. Such a publication would put it within reach of the people; if they pronounced it suitable, then Congress might, in the exercise of a power that would hardly be disputed, declare

it to be the nation's hymn, require its use in the army and navy, and commend its public use on all patriotic occasions. A national-hymn movement thus initiated after the manner of that which has just given a national monument to the mother of Washington would, as we believe, be no less successful than that worthy undertaking has proved to be. It certainly would awaken popular attention to a subject that has been too long neglected.

Unstinted applause is due to those public-spirited Americans who have enriched and illustrated the historic hero-element of our people by monuments and statues. But these memorials are necessarily local in their influence; they are seen and enjoyed by comparatively few. A national hymn could be easily made familiar, through the agency of the press, to our whole population, and would be an undoubted educational force, giving a stimulus to the patriotic impulses of both young and old. It is simply absurd that we should have no national hymnology, and that we should go on singing "America" and other foreign airs as distinctly American. The use of this one British air is on some occasions especially gawdome and unhappy—as, for instance, when the Nathan Hale statue in this city was unveiled. Evidently the managers of that affair had forgotten that this very air was played by a British band when Hale was executed. Let us by all means have a really national air—national in spirit, music, and words.

Nothing Settled.

EVERYBODY with an ounce of brains knows that nothing has been definitely settled by the juggling tariff legislation of Congress. Honest Democratic tariff reformers of the type of Mr. Henry Watterson will persist in their agitation for the establishment of a "tariff for revenue only"; the trusts will fight for the retention of the advantages they have acquired, and the Republicans will stand to their guns all along the line in defense of the protection principle. Senator Mills says explicitly that the tariff bill recently passed "does not reflect the real sentiment of one thousand persons in the country," and that it cannot possibly "be accepted as a final settlement of the question of tariff reform." Mr. Wilson, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, says that no question is ever settled which is not settled right, and that this bill, being "vicious" and "burdensome upon the people," the struggle must of course continue. Prominent "reform" Democrats in all parts of the country echo these avowals. So, as the result of all the agitation of the past year, under which our industries have been paralyzed, labor impoverished, and business confidence everywhere impaired, we are brought face to face with new anxieties and uncertainties, from which a fresh harvest of disasters will be inevitable. It is possible, indeed, that a revival of some forms of industrial production and an increase in the volume of mercantile transactions may ensue during the next few months, but these results will come to pass, if at all, in spite of the legislation of Congress and in obedience to natural business laws, and will necessarily be limited in their scope and effect. The one thing needful to assure a restoration of the general prosperity is stability of policy as to tariff and finance, and this cannot be had so long as the control of legislation is in the hands of Democrats and Populists of the class now at the fore.

The Novels of Women.



THE novels written by English women during the last year or so appear to have had a wider popularity than any of the fiction published by men during the same time. Some of these novels have been discussed wherever two or three persons have come together, and it is therefore only fair to presume that those who have delighted to talk about them have also read the remarkable tales. And yet we cannot help having a little doubt as to whether many really intelligent people have read the most remarkable and most notorious of these books, "The Heavenly Twins," from cover to cover, for it is precious hard reading, notwithstanding its brilliancy, sparkle, and many-sidedness. The same may be said of "A Yellow Aster" and "A Superfluous Woman," though in a less degree, for neither of them is as long as Sarah Grand's book, and therefore not so hard to wade through. These English women by their writings are proving George Meredith to have been a good prophet when, in his "Richard Feverel," written more than a quarter of a century ago, he said that "woman would be the last thing civilized by man." A lack of civilization, a disregard of the restraints of literary art, an abandonment of all that we have considered to be good taste, are the chief characteristics of the work of Madame Grand and her imitators.

It may be that these astonishing essays into fiction are challenges to the world for the purpose of emphasizing the fact that woman has been emancipated. If that be so they also emphasize the other fact mentioned, that if she is to be judged by these representations, she has not been civilized. It may be that her emancipation, her participation

in the work of wider fields, was necessary before she could attain under conditions of unaccustomed freedom that self-restraint and regard for the established laws of art and taste which are essential in the entirely civilized person. However this may be, there is one thing very sure—women in the transition state, in the process of passing from the old to the new order of things, are not nearly so pleasant as they used to be. And we hope most sincerely that they are not so pleasant as they will be when they have become accustomed to entire freedom and the privileges of independence. Just now many of them appear to be neither women nor men, though possibly more of the latter. One of the most modern women—that is, one of the women who talks with uncommon loudness and sharpness of women's rights—said of the gentle Thomas Bailey Aldrich that he was too effeminate. The poet's only reply to this criticism was that probably he was more effeminate than she was.

But it is not English women alone who in their novels attempt to break down the canons of sound literature. We have some such in this country, though probably none of them has occasioned as much discussion as Madame Grand. The American woods are full of women who are doing their best to shock and surprise the public into talking about them and their coarse stories. Readers for publishing-houses, editors of magazines and of weekly papers, unite in saying that the amount of amazing fiction turned out by American women at this time is most wonderful. Stories that are "off color" are written by young women who ought to be ignorant of all evil; by women who really have no practical, personal knowledge of evil, and who should blush with mortification even to be detected in thinking the thoughts that they are ambitious to lay before the public. Fortunately for the sake of decency and the fair fame of American letters, few of these stories are ever printed; but that they should be even written, and that the authors should desire to print them, are sad facts that should make us hail the day when the process of the civilization of women shall be complete. Not a few stories, however, that are written by American women, and are only vulgar without being obtrusively erotic, are given to the public. And they come from most unexpected sources. Some of them are the work of women of exceptional gifts, who enjoy high social position, but who seem to be overcome by a perverted ambition to figure as members of the realistic school of authors. They apparently do not realize that they belittle their abilities, and that they bring discredit upon the literary spirit and upon the honorable guild to which they belong. There are scores and scores of American women whose work is clean and wholesome; there are some who are achieving distinction in the literary field; but how can these make head in exalting our literature so long as it is vitiated by writers of the sort herein referred to?

There will be a reaction before long, and the reading public will get again the healthy fiction of an earlier time, and in a few years the women who write will be more accustomed to the freedom that is theirs, and therefore less savage, less flamboyant, in their disregard of the proprieties of life.

The Infection of Good Example.



COURAGE in a good cause, persistence in the pursuit of a right end, is never wholly lost, no matter how formidable the obstacles in the way, nor how unpromising the conditions under which either quality asserts itself. This has been strongly illustrated in the results achieved by Dr. Parkhurst in his war against Tammany and its police abominations. Another illustration, quite as notable in a smaller way, is that afforded in the case of Mrs. Mary F. Sallade, who recently began a crusade against certain alleged disorderly houses near her place of business. Finding that her property was suffering damage, and that her business was greatly injured by the proximity of disreputable resorts, she appealed to the police for their extermination. As was to be expected, nothing was done. When she submitted evidence of the truth of her charges, the only answer was that she had better ask the help of the Parkhurst Society. Not in the least discouraged, she then carried her case to one of the police magistrates, and asked that warrants be issued for the arrest of the occupants of the objectionable places. Here she was met by the response that the evidence submitted did not warrant such a procedure, and was advised to again ask the co-operation of the police. This she very naturally declined to do, and announced that she would carry on her work independently of the force, by such means as she might be able to command. Of course the disorderly classes sneered at her declarations, and even some respectable newspapers seemed inclined to ridicule her fearless action. But, as the facts in the case came to the knowledge of the public, her example speedily proved to be contagious. Other property owners in the neighborhood began to realize that it was hardly to their credit that it should be left to a woman to make the fight for purity and decency; and the result is that many

of them have now combined to carry forward the crusade which this brave woman has initiated. The work is to be pursued purely and simply as a business transaction, on the ground that the places complained of are a direct and positive injury to the business interests of the neighborhood. The indications now are that the street will be purged of its obnoxious residents, several of whom have already abandoned their places and sought refuge elsewhere.

The incident illustrates what one person of resolute character, having in view a distinctly moral purpose, can accomplish in achieving wholesome results. It ought to suggest to other women and to property owners in other districts of the city, a line of action which in its results would prove eminently beneficial to the public morals. There is no public evil so formidable that fearless, unselfish and concentrated effort on the part of good citizens cannot overcome and exterminate it.

The South Carolina Fight.

GOVERNOR TILLMAN, of South Carolina, has found time during his campaign bout with General Butler to nominate a candidate for the succession to the gubernatorial chair on a platform which may be characterized as thoroughly populist. The nominee, Mr. John Gary Evans, is spoken of as a lawyer of ability, thirty-two years of age, who has achieved a good deal of notoriety as a bitter and aggressive Tillmanite. His nomination will prove particularly distasteful to the Democratic conservatives, and the contest, which is now fairly on, will no doubt be marked by a great deal of excitement and asperity. The State convention formally nominated Governor Tillman for United States Senator against the present incumbent, and the indications so far are favorable to the election of a Legislature in sympathy with his ambition.

In accepting the nomination at the hands of the convention, the Governor made a characteristic speech, in which he predicted the ignominious defeat of the national Democracy in 1896, basing his prediction on the fact that the party has been unfaithful to the engagements in which it entered with the people. He took occasion, also, to pay his respects to President Cleveland, announcing in somewhat coarse terms that "when he went to Washington he would punch the fat sides of the President with a political pitchfork." He added an intimation, however, that he would not be partial in the distribution of his favors, declaring that he would use the same sort of weapon upon "anybody else who tried to defeat the will of the people."

It is significant, as illustrating the persistency of the Tillmanites in the policy they have heretofore pursued, that the nominee for Governor in his acceptance declared in the most emphatic terms that he would enforce the obnoxious dispensary law at whatever hazard. It is obvious that the liquor interests of the State were premature in assuming that they had got the better of their opponents in this particular controversy.

WHAT'S GOING ON

SENATOR JOHN SHERMAN is one of the conspicuous historic figures of American public life. No living statesman has exercised a more determinative influence upon the legislation of the last thirty years, or contributed more largely to the success of the principles and policies of the party of which he has been in all that time an honored leader. The sketch of him, from life, as he is seen daily in the streets of the national capital, given on another page, will have a peculiar interest for his multitude of admirers in all parts of the country.

EX-GOVERNOR BOIES, in an address to the recent convention of the Iowa Democracy bitterly denounced the betrayal of the cause of tariff reform by the Democrats in Congress. The pledges made in 1892, he said, must be kept, or "the party must prepare its winding-sheet." The ex-Governor's warning comes late in the day. The party to which he appeals is already smitten with death, and its winding-sheet is prepared. It only remains now for Messrs. Gorman, Brice, and the rest to lay away the remains in the grave they have dugged, and set up a memorial tablet appropriately inscribed. If they find any difficulty in devising an epitaph they might call in Mr. Bourke Cockran, Mr. Vilas, or Mr. Watterson; even the President could probably be depended upon to assist in the performance of this sad office.

THE Populists and labor organizations of Ohio have formed a coalition and nominated a State ticket which fairly represents the peculiarisms of the time. The platform adopted is of the advanced Populist sort, supplemented by a variety of labor planks, one of which pronounces in favor of collective ownership by the people of all means of production and distribution; while others demand the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold, the immediate nationalization of telegraph and telephone

lines, to be followed by the governmental ownership of railroad lines, street railways, gas and water and electric-light plants, and so on, and so on. The injection of "organized labor" into the campaign as the ally of the Populists will no doubt add to the uncertainty of the result as to local nominations in certain localities, but it is not likely to appreciably affect the Republican majority in the State at large.

THERE seems to be room in the city of Milwaukee for the diffusion of a good deal of enlightenment in matters of sanitary science. There has recently been something of a small-pox panic there, and the health department undertook to enforce vaccination and the fumigation and removal of patients to hospital. These measures of prevention were carried out without any undue severity, but a certain class of the population resisted them by riotous demonstrations, in one of which a number of persons, including several policemen, were seriously injured. We are apt to express amazement at the ignorance and superstitious prejudice of the Chinese when, as in Hong-Kong during the plague now ravaging the Chinese quarter, they resist all measures of sanitation; but the outbreaks in the young and prosperous city of Milwaukee would seem to indicate that we have in our country ignorance and superstition just as acute as are found elsewhere in the globe.

MR. J. SLOAT FASSETT announces that he is a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor of this State, and that he expects a creditable following in the convention. Mr. Fassett's appearance in the arena has been quite generally anticipated. It may be doubted, however, whether he has any great confidence that he can secure the nomination by any process of natural selection. There is a suspicion that in the event of Mr. Morton's declining to be a candidate, an effort will be made to throw his strength in favor of Mr. Fassett, and that the latter is building his hopes of success upon this possibility. Another surmise is that while nominally a candidate for the Governorship, he will be quite content to accept the second place on the ticket. Mr. Fassett generally knows what he is about, but there is a bare possibility that he may make a mistake in assuming that his little game is not understood by the public at large.

THE treaty with China which was recently ratified by the Senate prohibits the coming of Chinese laborers into the United States for the next ten years, except upon certain specified conditions. The treaty, of course, is the outgrowth of the clamor against the Chinese which has so largely prevailed on the Pacific slope and in some of the Western States, and which seems to us to be altogether contrary to the American spirit. We are utterly unable to understand why we should exclude the Chinese so long as we open our gates wide to the admission of the refuse population of other European states. We are absorbing the Italians, the Poles, and the debris of other nationalities without any attempt at restraint, and this, too, in the face of the fact that experience has shown them to be impossible of assimilation. Admitting all that may be said as to the undesirableness of the Chinese morally, it is simply absurd to pretend that they are less desirable as citizens than thousands and tens of thousands of the ignorant and worthless foreigners who are crowding our cities and monopolizing some forms of industry to the detriment of native-born Americans. Our anti-Chinese legislation from the beginning has been, as it seems to us, cowardly and unchristian; but so long as popular passion and prejudice are stronger than a regard for justice and fair play, a reversal of our policy cannot of course be expected.

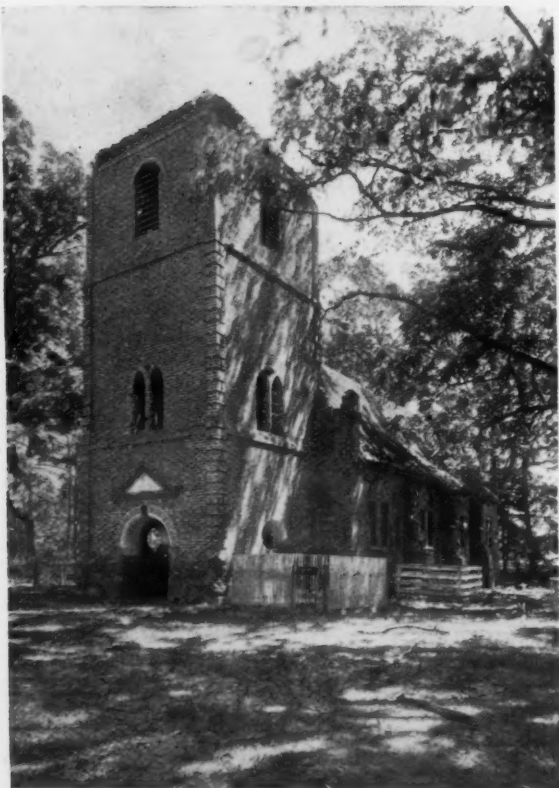
THE Salvation Army has fairly conquered the confidence and esteem of the intelligent and right-minded citizens of this metropolis. This is due, as we think, to two causes. In the first place, the methods of the army are eminently practical. Instead of offering the gospel to the poor and needy at arm's length, the army workers carry it to them, and illustrate its reality as a helpful force by their own upright and sympathetic living. They deal with religion as a matter of practical, every-day life, leaving the theologies aside and making much of the fundamentals upon which all religious life must be built. In the next place, the army is wisely led. It is fortunate in its commander, and still more so in Mrs. Booth, whose executive sagacity, eloquence, and magnetism of person have won for her a place occupied by few living women. It is due very largely to the generalship of Commander Booth and his wife that the army has grown to its present dimensions and wide usefulness. Its great growth is illustrated by the fact that it now has 1,880 commissioned officers, against 650 seven years ago, while its combined working force reaches every important centre of the Union. The laying of the corner-stone, recently, of a new national headquarters of the army in this city was a notable event in its history, as well as a proof of its prosperity. This building will cost three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, will be eight stories high, and constructed with reference to meeting all the wants of the organization.



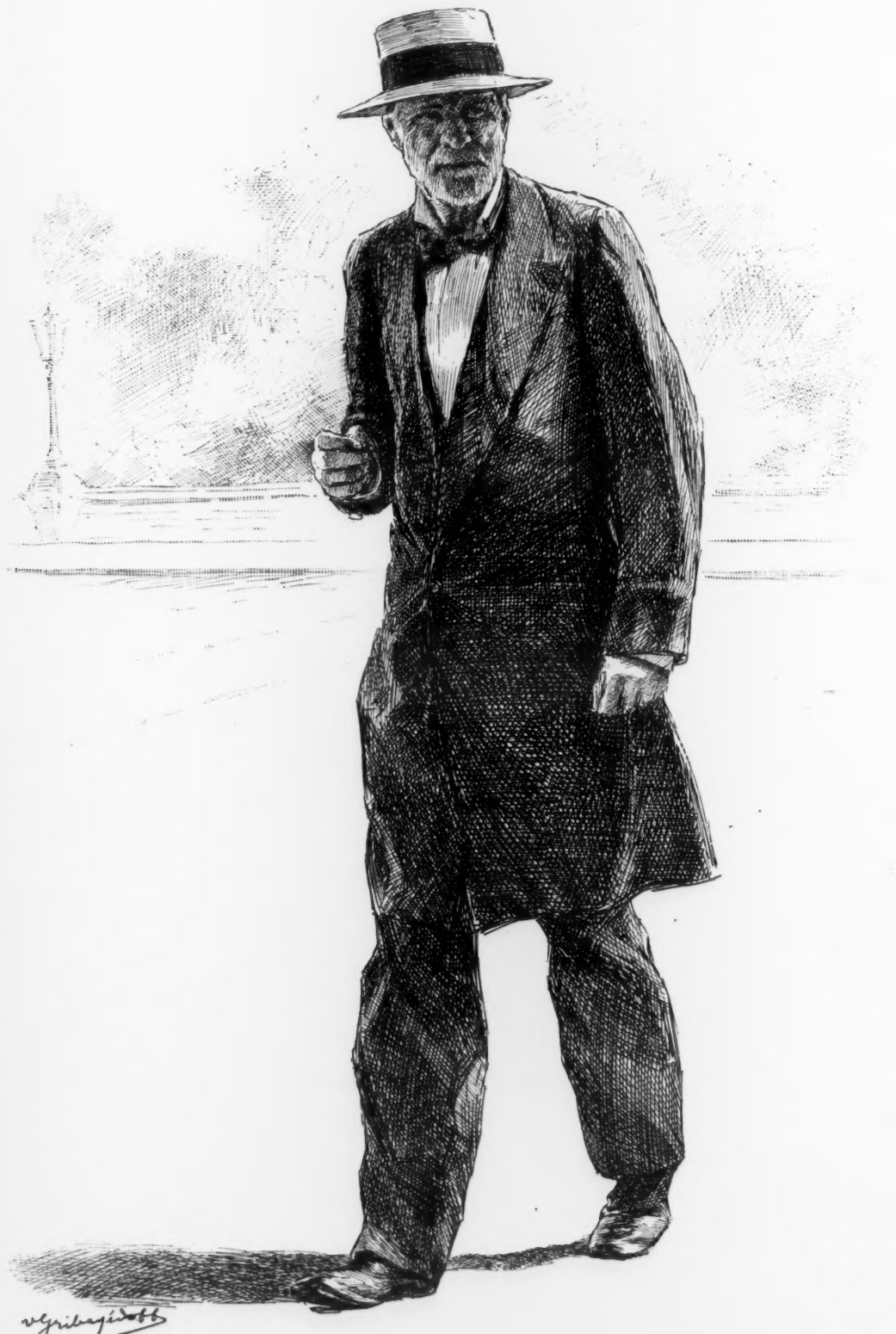
"DIANA'S CHASE," A PAINTING BY HANS MAKART, NOW IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, REPRODUCED BY LIVING MODELS IN A SERIES OF TABLEAUX—FROM COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH BROTHERS.—[SEE PAGE 137.]



THE OLD NORTH CHURCH, BOSTON, WITH ITS HISTORIC CHIME.—[SEE PAGE 141.]



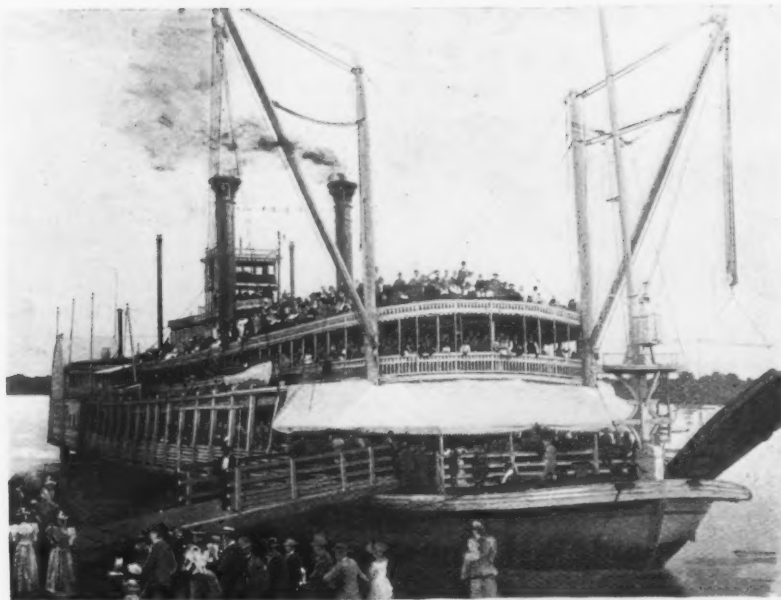
ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, SMITHFIELD, VIRGINIA, THE OLDEST PROTESTANT CHURCH IN AMERICA. [SEE PAGE 141.]



HON. JOHN SHERMAN, OF OHIO, AS HE APPEARS IN THE STREETS OF WASHINGTON, D. C. DRAWN FROM LIFE BY V. GRIBAYÉDOFF.—[SEE PAGE 133.]
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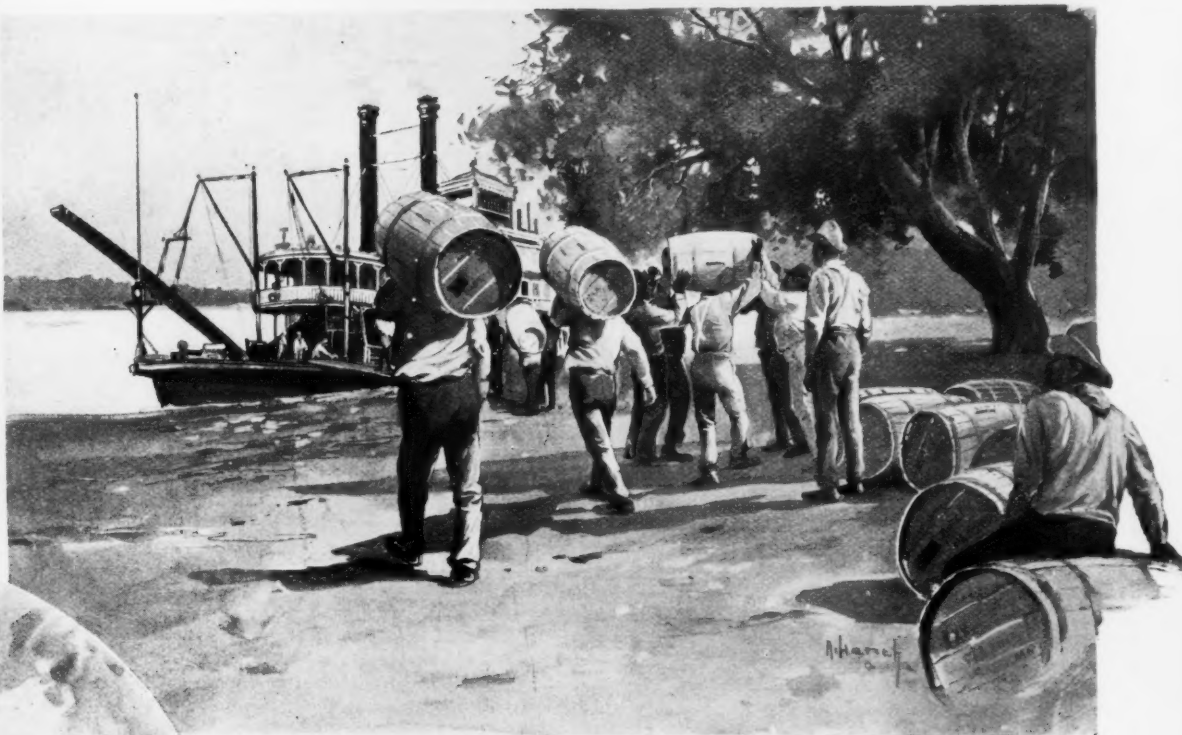
GOVERNMENT SNAG-BOAT, "D. G. WAGNER."



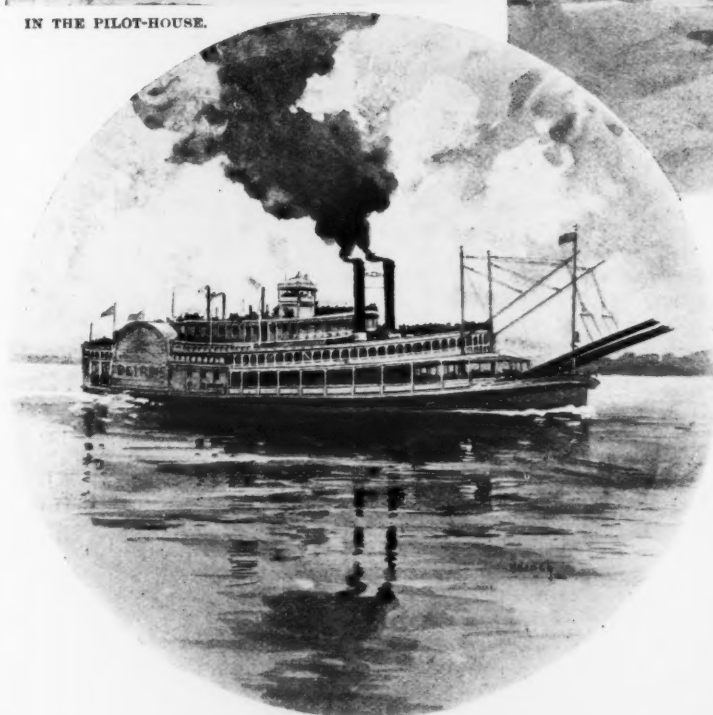
LANDING AN EXCURSION PARTY.



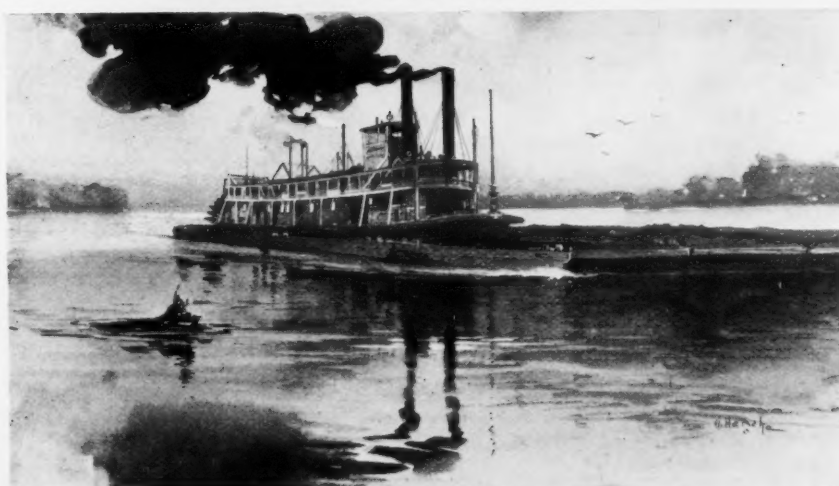
IN THE PILOT-HOUSE.



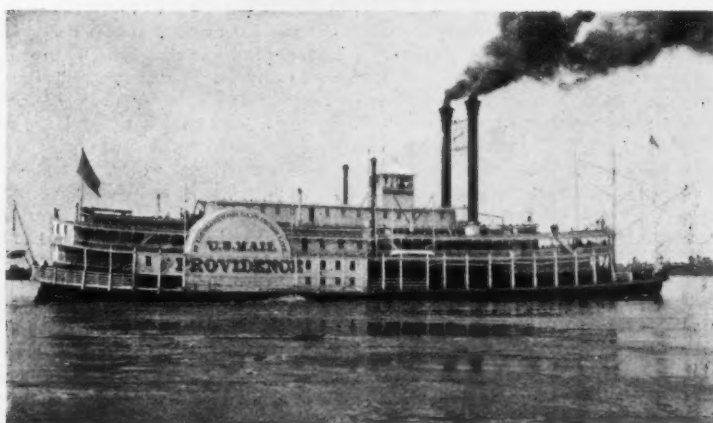
ROUSTABOUTS LOADING A BOAT WITH POTATOES.



TYPICAL EXCURSION-BOAT.



TOW-BOAT WITH COAL BARGES.



ANCHOR LINE BOAT PLYING BETWEEN NEW ORLEANS AND ST. LOUIS.



MAKING A LANDING BY SEARCH-LIGHT.

LEAL.

BY JULIA MAGRUDER.

PART II.—CONCLUSION.

DURING the week that followed May came every day, and Mrs. Oranmore sang to her by the hour. She soon discovered that the child very often admired such words and music as were much beyond her comprehension, and after the first day or two she stopped trying to adapt her performance to a child's understanding, and would sing just as she was moved to. May's temperament was evidently a serious one, and sad music seemed to give her the most pleasure.

Mrs. Oranmore had seen Major Keith a second time at drill, and he had stopped long enough for Nelly to introduce him to her friend. As he stood before her for a moment with his head bared, his fine figure splendidly revealed by his handsome uniform, Mrs. Oranmore looked at him searchingly and saw that his face was anxious and care-worn. There were strong lines about the mouth and eyes, and the hair and mustache were tinged with a premature gray; but these hints of trials borne and sorrows endured only dignified his beauty to her comprehending eyes, and while every one thought him a handsome, striking man, to her he looked far more. He only paused a moment or two to speak of the pleasure May had had in her new acquaintance, mentioning particularly the singing, and adding that he hoped she gave no trouble to the ladies. Just as Mrs. Oranmore was trying to express her pleasure in the child's companionship, and her hope that her visits might not be in the least interfered with, an orderly was seen approaching across the grass, catching sight of whom Major Keith at once took leave and, accompanied by May, walked off toward the house.

"Isn't it pitiful?" said Nelly Lacy, in a low voice, to her friend a moment later. "Charley Drew says that he can scarcely linger a moment anywhere, unless his wife happens to be asleep, that an orderly does not come up and salute and say, 'Major, you are wanted'; and even if she is asleep the moment she wakes she sends for him. He has to administer all her medicine, and himself apply the electric treatment that has been prescribed for her. She has a woman whose whole duty it is to wait on her, but she will not allow her to do one of these things, or even be with her on those eternal, silent, monotonous tramps on the porch. I don't see how he bears it."

She was joined by one of the young officers at this point, and the conversation was of course at an end.



"He turned and walked with her."

It was the next night that Mrs. Oranmore, sitting alone in the great ball-room while Nelly was dancing, became conscious of the odor of a peculiarly fragrant cigar, which some one on the porch, outside the window where she sat, was smoking. She was particularly sensitive to smells, and this cigar was delicious. As she

peered into the darkness to see who the smoker was, she perceived first a uniform and then made out that it was worn by Major Keith. Near him stood May, looking in at another window on the dancers.

When Mrs. Oranmore bowed Major Keith threw away his cigar, lifted his cap, and came forward.

"This is a great treat for May," he said. "I bring her over at long intervals to watch the dancing, and you see how it absorbs her."

They both glanced at the child, who stood with eyes eagerly following the dancers, quite oblivious of their comment or even of their presence. Just then the music stopped, and May, looking quickly around, came to join her father. At the same moment Nelly Lacy approached from within and spoke to Mrs. Oranmore. She was accompanied by a young officer, and as they came up May was saying, eagerly:

"Oh, Mrs. Oranmore, won't you sing for papa?"

Major Keith was just beginning to rebuke her for making this request when Nelly heartily indorsed it.

"Yes, do, Leal," she said. "Let's all go to our sitting-room and have some music. It's so warm here, and I'm tired of dancing. You'll come, won't you, Major Keith, if Mrs. Oranmore will sing?"

There was only an instant's hesitation before Major Keith answered, cordially:

"Oh, I'll come; I'll be only too glad to come, Miss Nelly, if you think Mrs. Oranmore will not be imposed upon."

But that lady had already risen to her feet and was leading the way from the room. As Major Keith and May passed along the porch the former stopped to say to a gentleman in uniform, who was sitting there, that if he should be sent for he would be found in Mrs. Oranmore's apartments. Then he stepped into the ball-room and joined the trio who were waiting for him, and they proceeded to the pretty room, where the lights were burning and the piano opened invitingly.

Mrs. Oranmore seated herself and played a soft prelude, turning her face to the child. As she did so Major Keith, who stood behind her,

neck were bare above her square corsage, and so were the long white hands, sparkling with rings, that rested on the keys, and the lovely arms with the black lace sleeves falling over them at the elbow.

Major Keith had said that he came to give the child a treat, but he was having a rare treat as well. In his controlled and disciplined life this brief companionship with two lovely women was a mile-stone along a dreary road, and he felt a sudden exultation in the prospect of the singing. Music, when he had had passions, had been a passion with him, and he rarely heard any now.

The sound of her voice, pathetic, tender, thrilling, seemed to lay him under some enchantment, and she herself was lovely as a dream queen. Keith felt himself spell-bound.



"This," he said, striking some deep, strong chords."

and forgot everything present and painful and hard to be borne, as he listened. The song ended with those wistful words, sung twice over by that wistful voice:

"Is this a dream? Then waking would be pain; Oh, do not wake me; let me dream again!"

They fell upon his ear with a sweet, impassioned cadence. This golden moment seemed to break across his dark and loveless life like a bright sun-ray from behind a leaden cloud. Before he could speak, as the lovely voice sank to silence, May had sprung away from his side and thrown her arms around the singer's neck. Close, close to her heart, Mrs. Oranmore drew her, and kissed her tenderly on cheeks and lips. When she glanced up across the child's clinging figure she met the eyes of Major Keith looking at her with a strange, strong look that sent a swift pang to her heart. Then he spoke in low, fervid tones which only she could hear.

"Oh, thank you," he said; "thank you for your beautiful, exquisite music, but thank you more than all for loving my poor child."

The next moment he had recovered his usual manner, and calling May to him had taken a hurried leave.

For several days they did not see him again; but one evening when Mrs. Oranmore and Nelly were coming in from rowing with a party of four or five, they chanced to meet him, and he turned and walked back to the hotel with them, joining Mrs. Oranmore. He had been smoking, and that same distinct, agreeable odor caused her to say:

"Is there anything peculiar about the cigars you smoke, Major Keith? They seem to me to have an odor of their own."

He gave a little laugh that made her look at him. He was dressed in immaculate white linen, trimmed across his splendid chest with heavy military braid. Recent exercise had brought a glow of color to his sun-bronzed cheeks which made him look very handsome. His white cap-cover seemed to suit him, too, and the smile with which he answered also became him well.

"My cigars, Mrs. Oranmore," he said, "are my last lingering folly. I look forward to renouncing it before long in view of laying up something from an army officer's scanty pay for May's future settlement in life; but so far I haven't got myself up to the point. They are

very excellent cigars, and also very expensive. I save my conscience by resolving that when I give up these particular cigars I'll give up smoking altogether. I haven't quite determined upon the period yet. I hope," he added, suddenly, "that you don't object to the odor?"

"On the contrary," she answered, "I like it particularly. I think I should recognize it anywhere, it is so very pleasant and so unlike other cigars."

Just at this point they reached the hotel, and Major Keith, declining to come in, lifted his cap and walked away.

That night he came to the hotel again. Mrs. Oranmore knew he was there even before May joined her—she had smelt the fragrance of his cigar. But she did not look toward him until he approached and said deliberately that he had

come in the hope of hearing her sing again. In a short while the party adjourned to their private apartments, and she sang. She sang her best, for her heart seemed strangely in it. Major Keith made no effort to thank or praise her, but his glowing eyes did both. Song after song he asked for, and song after song she sang. His excited, animated look became contagious, and Mrs. Oranmore grew excited, too. There were others in the room, but she sang only to him, and he forgot that any one but himself was listening. At last she took up a song and said, suddenly:

"This is one of my favorites; but it is a duet."

He placed it on the rack before her and said: "I will sing it with you." And the next moment their voices were blending in thrilling harmony in the sweet notes of "I would that my love."

It was exquisite, perfect, delicious; and Nelly and her friends were enchanted. Nelly begged him to come over often and sing; but her words seemed to startle or to remind him, for his face changed color and he immediately called May to him, said good-night and went away.

After that he came no more. Occasionally they saw him at drill, but he only gave them a passing bow; and up to the very eve of their departure they had not received a visit from him, nor even had an opportunity to exchange a word with him. Mrs. Oranmore had seen him in church one morning when she had gone with Nelly to service at the fort chapel, and she had noticed that when his face was quite composed he looked grave and weary, and almost old. She watched him in sad amazement, drawing a swift mental contrast between that serious, anxious face and the ardent one that had looked at her while she sang.

Nelly's last hours at Fort Shore were taken up with a crowding list of engagements, and while she was absent filling one of these, Mrs. Oranmore was sitting on the balcony to her parlor, alone in the still moonlight. She was suddenly aroused by a knock at the door. Supposing it to be some message for Nelly, she got up and crossed the room, calling a permission to enter, when the door opened and Major Keith, his soldierly figure clad in its speckless white, came in. He must have just thrown his cigar away, for

its fresh fragrance hung about him. He looked pale, and spoke rather hurriedly:

"I know you are going away to-morrow," he said. "I have come to say good-bye. I have only a little while, and I want you to sing for me. What blessed good luck it is to find you alone! Will you sing for me—one last song?"

His eyes were restless and brilliant, his tones excited and low.

"Yes," she said—lowly, too—his agitation beginning to affect her.

"And will you sing the song I want? I have chosen it."

"I will sing anything you want, if I can," she answered.

He went to the piano and sat down.

"This," he said, briefly, striking some deep, strong chords, and turning his face with its ardent eyes and firm, clear-cut chin upward toward her as she stood beside him. He saw by her look that she recognized the song, and a slight bend of her head signified her willingness to sing it. But she could not with that gaze upon her. She stepped back, that she might be behind him, and when he had finished the prelude and paused she began:

"O that we two were Maying,

Down the stream of the soft spring breeze,

Like children with violets playing,

In the shade of the whispering trees

"O that we two sat dreaming

On the sward of some sheep-trimmed down,

Watching the white mist streaming

Over river and meadow and town."

The heartache she was enduring was in her voice as she sang, but she was not afraid of breaking down. All the strength that was in her seemed to come to her now; but when a rich, low voice joined her as she began to sing the last verse, for a moment only, hers trembled; then she sang on, in beautiful harmony with it:

"O that we two lay sleeping

In our nest in the churchyard sod,

With our limbs at rest on the quiet earth's breast,

And our souls at home with God."

The last words choked her, and, dropping his hands from the keys, the man turned and looked at her. His eyes said a solemn farewell. It was a long look, and yet, as we count time, it was but the fraction of a minute; but it showed to each a backward glimpse of many years of lonely suffering, and a future of hopeless pain, with this instant's interim of mutual consciousness between. The poor woman felt she could not bear that look, and she turned and fled from it. Out on the still piazza, where he followed her, they stepped into a flood of lovely moonlight. The great, white moon was high aloft, and underneath, across the water, it had thrown a silver pathway. The man and woman stood together against the iron railing, on which their hands rested, not touching each other. Not a sound disturbed the stillness; nothing moved except, far off upon the quiet waters, a full-rigged ship that sailed slowly toward the silver bar that cleft the dark, deep waters. They watched it together, white against the blackness, until it had entered the sheet of moonlight, where it stood out for an instant black against the whiteness, and then passed on to the darkness beyond. So had their lives come out of the shadow, for an instant, into the light, to plunge once more into a darkness as vast, as wide, as unfathomable as that which stretched itself, farther than eye could reach, before that silent, moving ship. Suddenly he turned. She felt his eyes were upon her, and she could not choose but turn her face toward him. He refrained—his hands, his arms, his lips—but his eyes themselves seemed to touch her with their fervent, compelling gaze. Presently there was a sound behind them. Someone was turning the knob of the door. Both of them heard it and started, and Major Keith dropped to his knees. He caught in both hands a fold of her dress and kissed it, and then, rising rapidly, walked off down the long balcony just as Nelly came out to look for her friend.

It was in vain that Mrs. Oramore tried to sleep that night. She tossed on her bed for hours without closing her eyes, and then rose, lighted the gas, and throwing on a dressing-gown, took out a book she sometimes wrote in when the thoughts of her heart could be shared with no human friend. She wrote in it to-night for a long, long time. Often there fell hot tears on the pages, and often she paused to pray—not for herself, but for one whose burden was heavier than her own.

After a while she closed the book and threw herself backward in her chair, with her hands clasped behind her head, thinking intently. A sort of nervousness got possession of her at the idea that she was the only waking soul in that vast hotel. She thought of the hundreds of

people about her on every side, all fast asleep, and she longed for sleep to come to her too, and almost that it might come to last forever.

She could bear these thoughts no longer, and had almost made up her mind to go to Nelly's room and ask to be allowed to share her bed, when her next breath drew in the odor of a fragrant cigar. It was almost like a presence, and it made her heart throb and her breath come quick and fast. She put out the light and, going softly to the window, opened the blinds. The sash was already up, and the cool, damp air came in to her laden with that subtle fragrance. In the still starlight outside she could see no sign of any figure; but she knew who it was that lingered, sleepless and unrested, beneath her window in the silent night-time. She dropped to her knees with a beating heart, and stretched out her arms to the darkness. There was a strange confusion of her senses—that potent odor, the outline of a white-clad form, the sound of music faint and far, "Oh that we two—" and she knew no more until she awakened in the early dawn and realized that she must have fainted and lain some time unconscious.

They did not meet again. That day she left Fort Shore, and in a week she returned to Europe.

Mrs. Oramore never married, and Major Keith's wife outlived him.

Victor "Vigilant"

at Cowes.

COWES, August 17th, 1894.

As long as yachting has been recognized as a pastime the mention of Cowes has always been sufficient to conjure up a yachtsman's best visions and memories. For the later trifle of forty years or more the interest of Americans has been especially directed to this spot. For it was here that the celebrated *America* returned a winner after leaving the English fleet out of sight. It was at a high point on the road over the uplands that the Queen's carriage stopped when her Majesty was approaching to view the finish. According to the good old American fable, which gathers much moss as it rolls, the Queen inquired the name of the winner. The first lord of the admiralty replied: "Your Majesty, it is the transatlantic boat called the *America*."

"And which craft bears the honor of being second?"

The first lord of the admiralty, trembling lest his head should be instantly struck off, replied: "May it please your Majesty, there is no second."

As a fact, amply capable of proof, the Queen was stopping at Balmoral in Scotland during this race, but I repeat the valuable old lie because it has given a foreign immortality to Cowes through its constant repetition at American yachting dinners and in the newspapers. In the Orient certain alleged occurrences of a fabulous nature constituted the only history of various cities and towns. In many cases the town itself cannot now be found, though the lie remains as fresh as ever. You may shout "Long live truth!" but any classical dictionary will give you a thousand mythological lies which have outlived all ancient truth; so that my anecdote should be properly regarded as a necessary, and doubtless the only eternal, portion of the history of Cowes.

But a fig for its history! It is the beauty of Cowes (with its surroundings) which charms all American visitors. They see it from the water, with its rambling sea-wall and its rocks indicated by nature's artists in masses of dark or pale greens and pale yellows, with here and there the rich reds of the climbing sea-weed. The fronts of the houses, which pile up one above the other as they ascend the heights, are covered with ivy and climbing vines, through which the windows peep out over the glistening waters and fleets of ships and hundreds of skimming yachts. Through all this verdure, and from among the noble trees of the park-like uplands, the red-tiled roofs add their quota to a landscape which for vividness of coloring can alone be found in the British Isles.

We have nothing like this in America. Our dry atmosphere refuses us this deep coloring. And as we look over to the east of Cowes we see something else that America does not possess. We sit down and say, "How like that is to our picture-books!" It is a long, low-lying old stone castle, with its towers and battlements rising into the air just as they did in our child picture-books. No one on our vessel seems to know anything about it. There it lies, on the crest of a long hill, crowning a most lovely park that reaches to the water's edge—doubtless the old fortress home of some ancient amphibious pirate who had his ships on the

sea and his retainers on land to assist the king, who bought his soul into heaven by building a monastery with foreign plunder, whose ancestors pillaged all Europe in the Holy Wars, and whose descendants are perhaps still at the top of the social tree in London, where they do not converse about the skillful and devotional piracy of the old man.

But you say there are yacht-races to record? No, no! let them wait! The first race for the Prince's match cup was a mere walk-around for the *Vigilant*, and you have seen her skim in first so often in New York that I want to speak of the oddities—things not seen in America—to be observed as one looks at curious foreign beetles through a microscope. I want to speak of the many hundreds of yachts, of their stanchness and sea-going ability, with their high bulwarks and stout rigging, which commend them to all lovers of ocean cruising, in spite of a concomitant heaviness of aspect. From the huge full-rigged-ship affair down to the little ten-tonner, they all share this one national characteristic of weatherly power. I want to stop and describe world cruisers like Mrs. Brassey's celebrated *Sunbeam*—to have space to describe this wonderful marine picture. There the huge, broad *Dreadnaught*, making a tremendous hole in the water—a veritable fortress, black, grim, ugly, silent, threatening, a floating nightmare. This is anchored here to defend the Queen, who now is living on the isle. Here, also, among the fleets of yachts, lies the great white *Stosch*, the German battleship, which enters the roads because of the presence of the Emperor of Germany. The different royal steam-yachts, with the after parts of their hulls ablaze with gold scroll-work and coats-of-arms, and with their enameled royal-blue steam-launches, which have folding carriage-top covers over the seats for the royal occupants.

Differing from the custom at New York, every one comes here in his yacht, if he has one. The comparative absence of excursion steamers is very striking to all who witnessed the vast congregation of them at the *Valkyrie* races in America. The multitude afloat is probably not, by half, as numerous as in the New York exodus; but here it much resembles one huge family picnic—the Queen on the island viewing the race; her son and heir working on the English champion craft, her grandson, the Duke of York, helping him, her other grandson, the Emperor of Germany, at the main sheet; her nobles and gentry on their respective yachts, her local marines, artillery, and infantry crowded into little black transport steamers, and the rank and file of her people in any kind of craft that will float them—and every grade formed into one vast accretion by a spirit of nationality so intense and deep-set that it does not appear. The nationality of the English much resembles the self-respect of a girl. It is so deep-set and to be taken for granted that it is apparently forgotten unless something occurs to call it forth.

And what the Englishman (invariably a lover of sport) likes best is to see the Prince of Wales hauling ropes among his crew on his own yacht. My best view of him was just at the finish of the race. He was standing forward of the mast among a lot of the paid hands. His face was browned by the wind and wet with rain. His coat sleeves were worked up on his arms as if he had just stopped hauling on a line. And when the German Emperor sails with him on the *Britannia* he also works in the same way, like any other gentleman. Both the uncle and the nephew are devoted yachtsmen, and while it is none of my business to comment upon the private pastimes of my betters, and while I know that even an emperor requires some little natural freedom, still I cannot remain entirely silent when the Kaiser takes this recreation with his nearest relatives. When his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of Germany, who holds the peace of Europe in the palm of his hand, accepts this holiday on the Prince's yacht it has no political significance whatever—but, oh! ye politicians of the world, do not forget the item. There is a rather influential person over there in Russia who might as well catch on.

One incident, if it had resulted differently, would have spoiled sport more than the sinking of the *Valkyrie*. Mr. Gould fell overboard, but was rescued by the men on the *Vigilant*. The special photographer of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, Hemment, lent Mr. Gould a pair of blue trousers and a pair of yellow shoes. Sailing-master Leander Jeffreys lent him a colored shirt, Hank Haff lent him a red cap, so that Mr. Gould soon presented a very patchwork and variegated appearance. The Solent is no respecter of persons, and this millionaire looked so like any other unfortunate as he was hauled out that I could not help thinking of Seabrooke in *Tabasco* after his visit to McGinty, and also of his

celebrated song, "Swim out, O'Grady, swim out!" My chum, who is a poet, puts it thus:

"Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall

(Of his boat),

Humpty Dumpty had quite a fall

(Wet his coat),

And all the clothes-horses and all the Gould men
Had some difficulty in restoring H. D. to a semblance
of himself again."

The second race, around the Isle of Wight, was simply another walk-around for the *Vigilant*, although there was not enough wind to emphasize her superiority. The measurement of both these boats at the Belfast Club, which includes the cubical proportions of the hulls, does much to make clear that which I have been endeavoring for a long time to explain to *LESLIE'S* readers. This calculation of size of hull shows *Vigilant* at 178 tons and *Britannia* at 154 tons. It means that *Vigilant* is a whole yacht—a whole twenty-four-ton yacht—bigger than *Britannia*. This, of course, only shows the skill of the American designer in producing a boat of such vast extra power while confining himself to the same water-line length. But it reduces results to almost an absolute certainty whenever there is enough wind to develop to the full this extra power. It is a power that is only very fractionally represented in the taxation on sail area. *Britannia* is, in fact, sailing with a boat one-seventh bigger than herself. Every yachtsman knows that a boat of small, fine displacement often beats a bigger craft in light weather, and especially in narrow waterways, where quick working tells. Still, the *Britannia* is not to be sneezed at. Her record, previous to Cowes, in which she beat *Vigilant* ten times out of thirteen races, cannot be ignored, flukes or no flukes, and the *Vigilant's* certainty of winning in open water and heavy winds, where her extra physical power is brought into play, will with difficulty be understood by the general public after her encountering so many defeats. However, Mr. Gould was well aware of all these possible risks to his boat's reputation before he sent her north to brave the chances of the narrow waterways, and this exhibition of an American's love of sport for sport's sake cannot be too highly applauded.

STINSON JARVIS.

Living Pictures.

NOTWITHSTANDING certain conceded questionable features, the "Living Pictures" appear to have come to stay, for a while, at least, if we may judge by the thronged houses and the quality of the audiences which they continue to draw. Encouraged by their success, Messrs. Koster & Bial have put on almost an entirely new programme, in which we notice an ambitious attempt to produce Hans Makart's huge picture of "Diana's Hunt," which hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, consisting of some fourteen figures. It is a great innovation on the part of Mr. Hammerstein, to whose tact and managerial ability the production of these pictures is due, to attempt the reproduction of a living tableau on such a large scale. In some respects the vivid realism is more satisfactory than the picture itself. In this production the difficulties of grouping, etc., have been successfully overcome, and the added realistic interest produces a result that is really artistic but not necessarily sensuous. In the same group of pictures we notice the reproduction of a painting of "Paris and Helen," which, notwithstanding the difficulty encountered in the grouping, may be characterized as another unqualified success, requiring, as it does, models of such perfect contour.

New York Chinamen and the War.

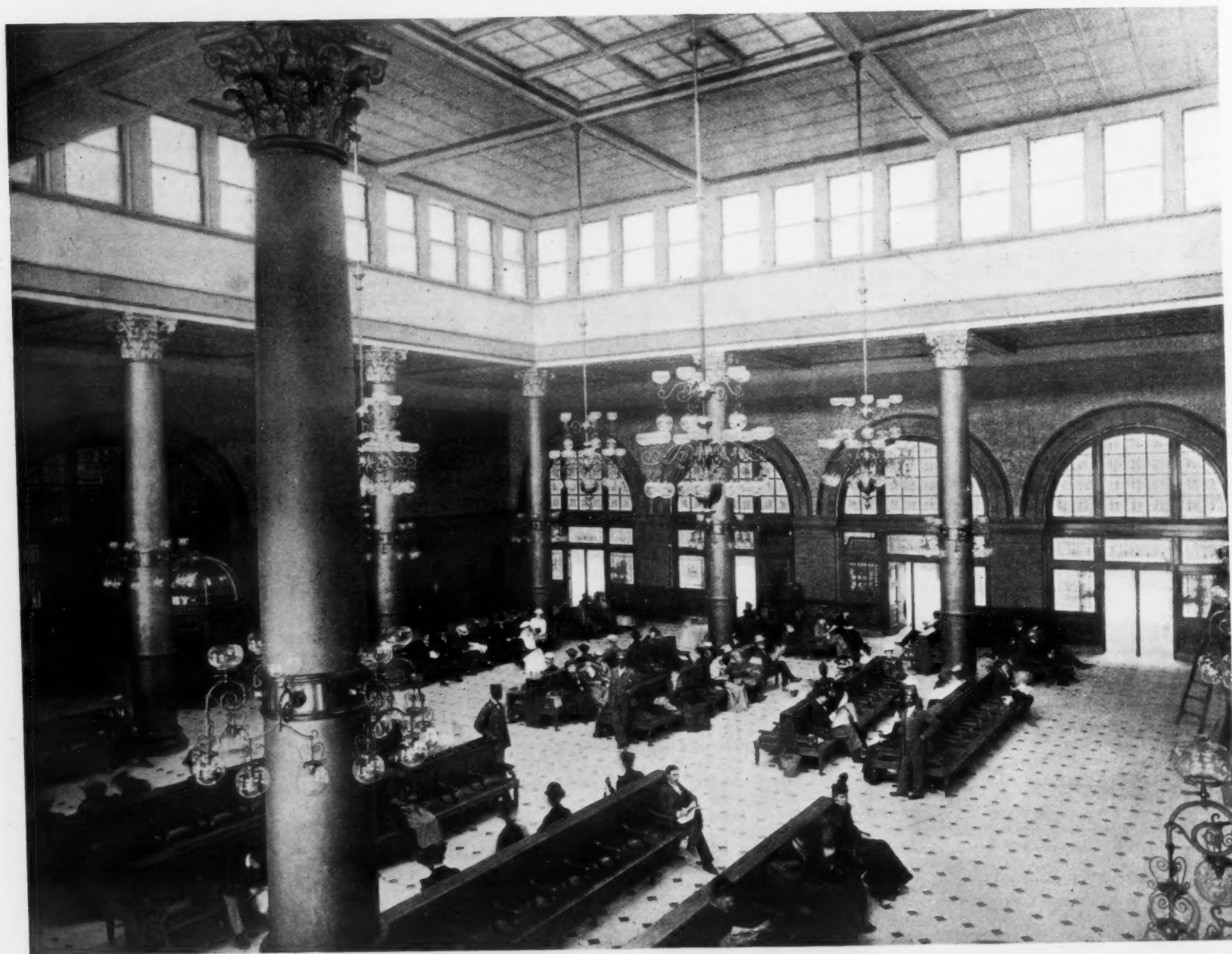
THE Chinese residents of this city manifest the liveliest possible interest in the progress of the war between the Flowery Kingdom and Japan. In the Chinese quarter it is the one supreme topic of discussion, and each fresh report from the scene of hostilities is received with eager and excited interest. Nor are the New York Chinamen content merely to indulge in speculations or predictions as to the result of the struggle; they manifest a personal sympathy with their countrymen by sacrifices and intercessions with their divinities in behalf of the Chinese arms. These intercessions will, of course, have no sort of influence upon the outcome, but they are offered with serious earnestness and absolute faith, and, everything considered, are entitled to quite as much respect as the insincere and pretentious prayers of some people who pass for Christians. Mr. Clinedinst's picture on another page depicts a scene that is witnessed daily on the streets where the Chinese congregate,



GRAND ARCH AT THE ENTRANCE.



CORRIDOR OF THE GRAND ARCH.

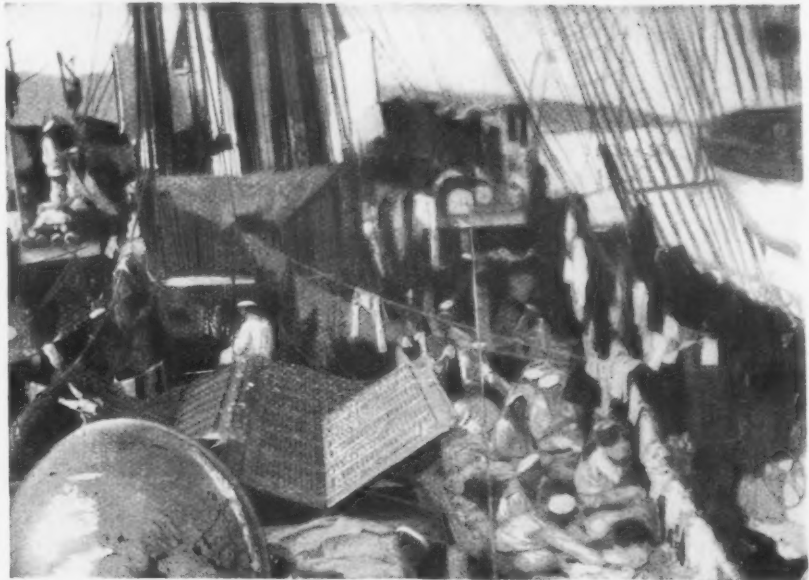


GENERAL WAITING-ROOM.

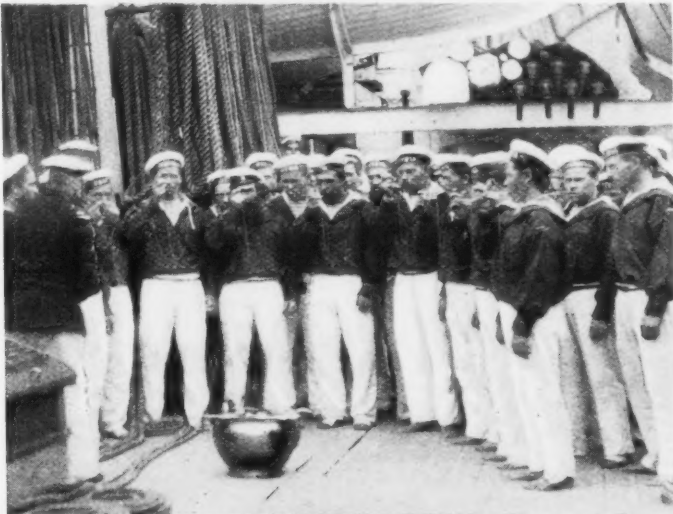
THE NEW AND MAGNIFICENT UNION RAILWAY DEPOT IN BOSTON.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY NOTMAN.—[SEE PAGE 141.]
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A SURVEYING PARTY ON POSSIET BAY.



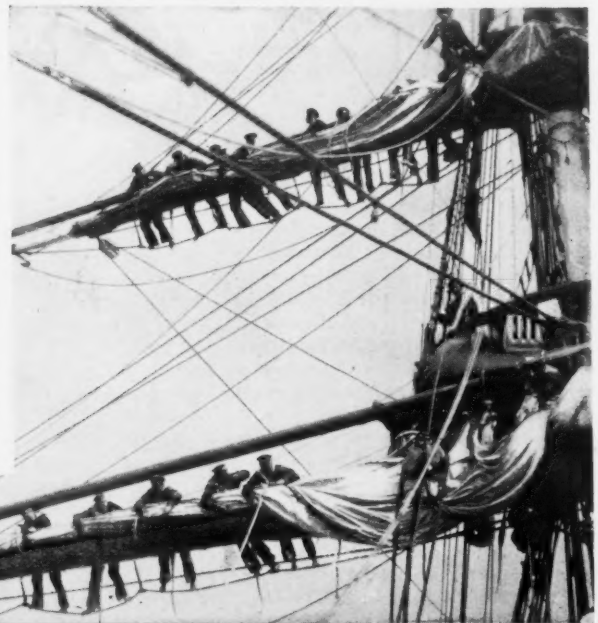
LAUNDRY DAY ON BOARD THE "VITAS."



GROG TIME.



MAKING OBSERVATIONS.



MANNING THE YARD-ARMS OF THE "VLADIMIR MONOMAKH."



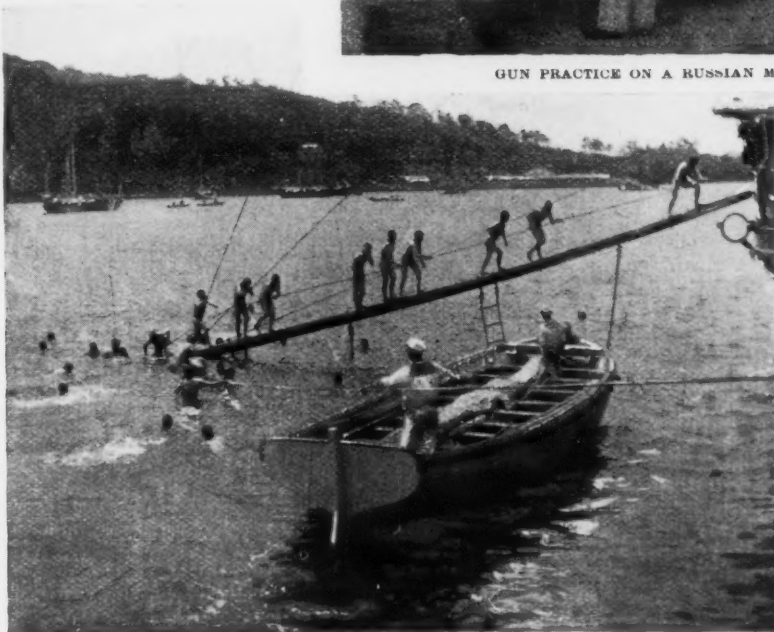
A LANDING PARTY NEAR VLADIVOSTOCK.



GUN PRACTICE ON A RUSSIAN MAN-OF-WAR IN THE EAST.



AT WORK IN THE RIGGING.



SAILORS BATHING IN THE HARBOR OF VLADIVOSTOCK.



THE SHIP'S PAINTER.

RUSSIA IN THE PACIFIC.

PICTURESQUE FEATURES OF MARINE LIFE AT VLADIVOSTOCK.—DRAWN BY V. GRIBAYÉDOFF FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND SKETCHES.—[SEE PAGE 140]
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AN ANTE-BELLUM ROUTE THROUGH DIXIE'S LAND.

I HAD the best part of a day and an evening to get rid of in Memphis, and I killed it "doing" the town, loitering about the "wharf-boat," where an up-river packet was taking on a load of freight. If you feel that your vocabulary of "cuss words" is limited you can furnish it anew with a choice selection of expletives by standing on a Mississippi River steamboat while she is loading or unloading, and drinking in the many choice oaths the mate of the boat makes use of to the roustabouts. There is nothing so entirely picturesque, so perfectly profane, as these "tongue lashings" these sons of Ham receive as they trudge and drudge up and down the stagings or the banks of the river, carrying on board the cargo or rolling it off.

At Vicksburg I took passage for Natchez on board of that palatial vessel, the United States mail steamboat, the *Charles D. Shaw*. I made my appearance at the wharf-boat an hour or two before the *Shaw* sailed, and set to work with my camera. I have been to all kinds of circuses, but the circus that camera created went ahead of any I ever saw. The average roustabout is the densest of human beings, and at every click of the kodak there was a scattering, and even some sullen looks, as if I had actually fired a shot at them. A loaded camera seemed almost as menacing to them as a loaded gun.

Once on board the *Shaw*, in mid-stream, we looked back over the peninsula where Grant lay with his army, and where the river formerly made its channel, and where now it is an island in front of the city. This Mehascepi, this Father of Waters, is the arbiter of its own course. At Davis's Bend, where it was formerly thirty miles around, the river one day swept across the main land and Davis's Bend was reduced to one mile. At Natchez as the boat lies at her wharf-boat, bound down the river, her bow points northeast; at Bayou Sara, one hundred and twenty miles further south, she still heads northeast at the landing. The boat has followed the tortuous course of the river and made three parts of a circle.

One of these river boats is a regular modern Noah's ark. The freight on the *Shaw* consisted of shot, powder, cartridges (blank and otherwise), plows, cotton-seed, molasses, flour in barrels, sewing-machines, wagons, bacon sides, sugar, beef, hardware, hay in bales, lard, pigs, niggers, and mules. As soon as you leave Vicksburg the railroads cease running so close to the river, and the cotton planters are dependent wholly upon these boats for their supplies, so that it makes out of these packets nothing short of ferry-boats. The appearance of a solitary nigger upon his everlasting mule is the signal for the boat to head in toward shore. Shrieking several times with a whistle calculated to wake the dead, the boat bumps into the bank, the staging is let down, the boat swings stern out into the stream, her paddles slowly revolving to keep her fast to the bank—no ropes being possible, as there is nothing to hold them—and the unloading goes on. The freight for this plantation is dumped on top of the levee, the bell rings, the steam windlass hauls the staging into place, and with a mighty "tehoul! tehoul! tehoul!" your boat backs out into the stream once more. The next landing is perhaps in Louisiana, because until you reach Bayou Sara you have Mississippi on one hand and Louisiana on the other. The best place to see the river is from the pilot-house, and that was my point of observation. When the weather was clear I could see the "nigger" mail carrier and his mule more than a mile before we reached the landing. At Hard Times, Mississippi—who on earth ever gave such a calamity name to a settlement; why under heaven was it not Good Times?—well, at this interesting resort we took on a load of some twenty mules, and no trick-mule that Barnum ever owned in the palmy days could possibly outdo the gyrations these animals went through before they could be gotten on board; and the mate! it would require a blue page and red fire to print his observations on mules and niggers. This was evidently a combination wherein he felt called upon to use his best endeavors and curse them both with a vehemence and gusto that were positively charming.

My fellow-passengers were, almost without exception, cotton planters on their way to or from their plantations, and the conversation drifted from the Hatch Anti-option bill to the quotations in the cotton market at New York, New Orleans and Liverpool. The short crop, the levees, the overflow, were all frequent topics,

and one delightful old planter of the "before-the-war" period, of Palmyra plantation, sah," regaled me with the plenary powers vested in himself by right of being postmaster, sheriff, and police magistrate. "And by the Eternal, sah! I have order on my plantation."

The colonel was a character. An ensign in the United States Navy at the outbreak of the war, he joined the Confederate service in the artillery, and then quarreled with Jeff Davis and turned blockade-runner. To him the war was only a memory; as he expressed it, "By the Eternal, sah! I was licked, and well licked, twenty-five years ago; now I am for peace and prosperity." Unfortunately I lost the colonel's genial companionship when we reached Natchez, but not until he had driven me all about the environs of this pretty little town, in and about some grand old homesteads, where the red and white magnolia-trees were in full bloom, and the jay birds were screaming in the woods to their mates.

At Natchez I changed boats and took the *Lula Prince*, United States mail packet bound for Bayou Sara. A short distance below Natchez both sides were Louisiana, and we were rapidly getting into the sugar country, and the general appearance of the banks undergo a material change. When you get into the sugar country, the Côte d'Or, the river is lined on both sides, only a few miles apart, with one magnificent old mansion after the other; invariably the manor-house is surrounded by a handsome clump of trees; to the side, forming a regular street, are the wooden shanties of the negroes, and back of all the sugar refinery, with its great brick stack, which looks strangely out of place perched up there in the middle of the plantation.

One curious item on board these boats is the isolation of the women from the men; the former sit at the lower end, clustered about the piano, and never stir outside, while the men all congregate about the stove, smoke, play cards, and drink whisky, in perfect good companionship; I could not account for this. The Southern people are as a rule more sociable and more off-hand than we people of the North, but the perfect freedom with which both sexes come in contact upon our great river or Long Island Sound boats seems an impossibility with them. I asked the reason for this isolation, and the only one that seemed pertinent was this: most of the people traveling by these boats belong to the planter class, and retain all the old exclusiveness for which they were celebrated before the war. At that period river travel was the aristocratic means of reaching all the plantations and river towns, and the exclusives among the ladies appropriated to themselves this end of the boat, into which the promiscuous male did not dare intrude; and this apparently unfriendly custom has undergone no change. The Southern people are peculiarly conservative in all matters appertaining to the social order, and this bit of boat etiquette is one of those survivals which not even the shriek of the locomotive whistle nor the changed conditions of the planter's existence have been able to wipe out.

I had an exceedingly interesting talk with a reverend father of the Catholic Church, who is stationed at V—, in charge of four adjoining parishes. I was anxious to ascertain from him the result of his labors with the average colored field hand and roustabout. He declared that the negro of that region was absolutely bereft of all moral sense; and that no amount of teaching, nor of induction or inculcation, seemed to have any permanent effect upon their moral worth. They could not understand two of the cardinal articles of the Ten Commandments, "Thou shalt not steal," and "Thou shalt not commit adultery." To both these solemn adjurations they are equally deaf, the good father declared, and there is nothing to be done with them except to keep them under something like spiritual control. The only remedy he could see was the separation of the children at an early age, so that with different surroundings they might become different men and women. All these statements were interesting to me, a Northern man, educated in the belief that the right of suffrage made the negro the white man's political equal.

There is, however, another side of the case; it does not hinge upon politics nor upon political economy, but one's sense of the ridiculous; anything more thoroughly comical than the out-and-out plantation darkey and roustabout does not exist. The rags they wear and their

hats would stock a museum. No amount of work seems to check their spirits; they will dance or sing at the whistling of a catchy air, the morrow has no terrors, no cares for them. On these river boats, in wet or dry, hot or cold, their laughter and songs, the shuffling of feet, were going night and day. I went down on the lower deck; niggers, mules, and cargo were one heterogeneous mass. The roustabout was about in every conceivable position. One or two were sick from the unusual cold, and were hugging the boilers of the engine to keep warm. In a broken line across the boat were a dozen or more playing the inevitable "craps." The roustabout nigger would gamble away the wool on his head. "Nickel er throw, down de line, nickel er throw. Collars and cuffs fur Eliza Jane, new bonnet fur 'Mandy,' some yelled, as a lucky offering to each throw of the dice.

And so it went "down the line," until there was probably a dollar or more in dimes and nickels on the deck; then the winner scooped in all the money, the great whistle blew twice, then a short gasp and twice more—we were nearing another landing. In five minutes we were up against the bank, and these same negroes left their gambling without a murmur and were trudging up the staging with the individual items of the boat's "freight" intended for this landing. When she backed off they returned to their dice, and I heard the stentorian-voiced leader calling "Nickel er throw, down de line, nickel er throw!" as with that inimitable "tehoul! tehoul! tehoul!" the *Lula Prince* proceeded on her way to Bayou Sara.

At Bayou Sara I said good-bye to Captain Prince, of the *Lula Prince*, a highly intelligent and well-informed man, and changed boats to the *Stella Wilds*, bound for Baton Rouge and Donaldsonville. It was one in the morning then, and little to be seen. When I awoke, hours later on, we were tied up to the wharf-boat at Baton Rouge. It was a dull, gray morning, threatening rain, and not a very promising lookout for the continuance of my trip to the Crescent City by the all-water route. However, I inspected Baton Rouge, which is the capital of the State, and was not greatly impressed. You should not, however, form an opinion of a Southern town in wet weather; if you do, you can remember distinctly but one salient feature, and that is mud, mud, mud! The *Stella Wilds* started punctually at noon, running very "light," both as to passengers and freight. A rain and fog came on, and after an atrocious dinner I resolved to land at Plaquemine, twenty miles below, and take the Texas Pacific train to New Orleans. This design I put in execution as soon as we reached the landing.

I had heard that Plaquemine was a much livelier town than Baton Rouge, but what I saw of it convinced me that it was simply a question of grave-yards; a man would consider himself doomed, indeed, to be called upon to die in either. As the train was over an hour late I had the opportunity of seeing something of the townspeople. The station was divided into two wretched dog-kennels, by courtesy called waiting-rooms, one for whites and the other for blacks. It was curious how the country folk asked for their railroad tickets. They approached the window and said, familiarly, "Mr. Denert, we're going to Whitecastle to stay until to-morrow night." That meant they wanted so many return tickets for Whitecastle, French, of the Arcadian variety, was on every tongue. The English many of them spoke seemed like a foreign tongue, and I realized once more the heterogeneous character of our great nation. The Texas and Pacific express came along from El Paso, and we rolled smoothly into the Crescent City.

HARRY P. MAWSON.

The August Rain.

Is an opal mist enfolded,
Stood the green and stately corn,
And the hills were veiled in vapor
At the breaking of the morn.
Till a gray cloud, slowly spreading,
Blurred the blue above the vane.
And it dropped in threads of silver
From its heart—the August rain.

All day long it poured and pattered
On the ivy at the eaves,
And the thrushes in the orchard
Hid beneath the thickest leaves;
But at eve across the meadows
Flushed the yellow sun again,
And a bow of brilliant promise
Arched above the August rain.

Lo! the wealth of ancient princes
Sparkled forth on every side
Pearls were in the lily's bosom,
Rubies crowned the rose's pride;
And a thousand liquid diamonds
Sparkled on the golden grain,
For it stole an angel's jewels
As it came—the August rain!

MIRNA IRVING.

Russia in the Pacific.



DAILY OBSERVATIONS.

THE illustrations which appear this week upon another page form a graphic picture of the professional duties and pastimes of the Russian tars now stationed in the North Pacific. Those who have followed with any special interest the course of the war between China and Japan will not have failed to be impressed by the clearly-defined attitude of Russia. She has throughout occupied a position of marked independence, and in the earlier stages of the controversy left it to be clearly inferred, by utterances through semi-official sources, that she regarded it as her right to maintain a controlling interest in any policy of interference that might be contemplated by the great non-combatant Powers. "Hands off" has practically been the watchword of Russia, and it may fairly be concluded that she has, tacitly at least, intimated her resolve to tolerate no armed intervention on the part of any European country in the internal affairs of Corea.

At the present interesting juncture in the China-Japanese war it has been the writer's good fortune to receive from the East a number of photographs taken by an officer of the Russian navy now attached to the Pacific squadron, and which represent some picturesque features of marine life at Vladivostok. The writer is also indebted to the same source for some definite information concerning Russia's position in the Orient.

Most American readers are familiar with the fact that the port of Vladivostok, on the Northern Pacific, is the eastern terminus of the great trans-Siberian railroad, now in course of construction. It is regarded as significant that the efforts of the Czar's government to push the railroad toward completion should have been redoubled since the outbreak of the present war, in order to afford a means of communication with, and transport to, Japanese waters.



FURLING THE TORPEDO-NET.

The geographical position of Vladivostok, its proximity to China and Corea, and its importance as the headquarters of the Russian Pacific squadron, render it an object of special interest at this time. Its wonderful transformation from a small seaport, protected by a few simple earthworks, to a formidable fortress has been effected within little more than ten years, and a comparison of its present condition with the following account by an English visitor, the Reverend Henry Landsell, written after his return in 1883, will convey some idea of the energy displayed by the Russian government in accomplishing such results:

"The word 'Vladivostok,' he says, 'signifies 'the command of the East,' and the town is situated among the inlets of Peter the Great's Bay. It is the prettiest and busiest place in the Amoor region of Siberia. Its population, which varies according to the number of soldiers and sailors stationed there, averages five thousand souls. The houses are chiefly wooden, and include a military barracks and a winter barracks for the seamen of the fleet. There is a social club for the officers of the Czar, two high-class schools for children, and a Russian church. There is a telegraph station, a dockyard, and a

series of not very menacing earthen fortifications. There are perhaps one hundred and sixty permanent residents, actively engaged in commerce. It is a place capable of much development, both from a commercial and a strategic point of view, and already maintains a considerable export and import trade, the former being, to a large extent, carried on with China. The ice does not usually break up in the harbor sooner than the middle of May, and the port is not clear of ice before the 1st of June. The summer lasts but for four months, and the winter is very severe, snow lying upon the ground often to the depth of five feet."

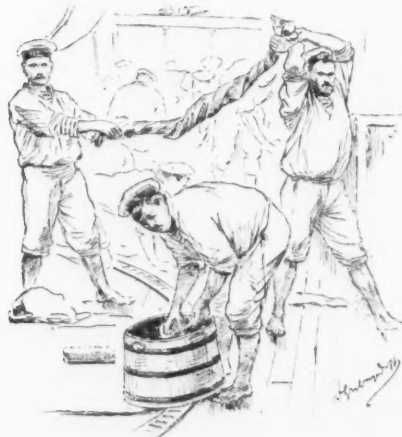
Such was Vladivostok some twelve years ago, and yet to-day it is regarded as the Sebastopol of the Pacific, bristling with modern defenses of all kinds, almost impregnable in the front it presents to any possible attack, and an important military station possessing extensive quarters for cavalry, infantry, and artillery.



WORKING THE HOTCHKISS GUN.

Situated on a promontory called the Golden Horn, at the extreme point of a peninsula which extends out into the Gulf of Peter the Great, forming a wedge between the Bay of Amoor and the Bay of Ussuri, Vladivostok faces an island of considerable size. Not only do the guns from its own forts command the entrances to both bays, but those from this strongly-fortified island augment the dangers to which any hostile fleet would be exposed. In addition to these defenses the coast of the mainland, upon the opposite shores, is protected by masked batteries, and all the fortifications are manned with the heaviest and most improved ordnance from the great arsenal of Obukhov, the Woolwich of Russia, as it is called. Submarine torpedo batteries increase the dangers an enemy would incur. Everything has been done under the supervision of the best engineers in the Russian service, and the most advanced methods of military science have been called into requisition to render the entire scheme of defense as perfect and complete as possible.

As for the town itself, it now presents more the aspect of a military encampment than the peaceful-looking settlement which greeted the view of the English traveler I have quoted above, and large docks, constructed for the re-



GENERAL CLEANING UP.

pair of war-ships, have caused an increase of population in the presence of a number of skilled workmen. Some fifty or sixty thousand troops have been massed here, while others are stationed farther south at Possiet. This force practically constitutes a Russian army corps in a state of complete mobilization, and it is needless to add that every branch of the military service is represented. It is, moreover, a significant fact that fully a third of the troops are Cossacks from the Don and the Dnieper, whose services as the advanced guard of a Russian invading army have ever been considered invaluable in the past. The Cossacks are massed along the Korean and Chinese frontiers for a distance of

fully one hundred miles, ready to take the field at a moment's notice.

In spite of all that has been done to make Vladivostok what it is, there remains one obstacle which the ingenuity of man cannot overcome. The severity of the long winter, already mentioned, freezes up the harbor, preventing the ingress or egress of vessels for months at a time. Even the more southerly station at Possiet labors under disadvantages, its harbor being comparatively unsafe. Hence Russia looks to the acquisition of a naval station where she will not be subject to the inclemency of the weather, and which her ships can enter and leave at will all the year round. The place upon which she is believed to have set her desires is at Point Lazareff, southward on the Korean coast. It is considered admirably suited for her purposes.

The Russian Pacific fleet is at present composed of a number of the finest vessels in the navy, Admiral Tyrtov, the Minister of Marine, having dispatched them to Vladivostok within the past two months. The fleet is further reinforced by ships belonging to what is known as the *Dobrovolny Flot*, a volunteer squadron raised during the Russo-Turkish war of 1877, and which ever since that time has been constantly increasing in the number of its ships.

The accompanying illustrations, which depict the hardy, brave, and light-hearted tars variously engaged "in and out of harness," will doubtless be welcomed by American readers. Russia has the men, as well as the ships, and it is reasonably certain that should danger threaten her in the future her sailors will render a good account of themselves, and bear no small part in realizing the dream of Russian diplomacy. For, should the completion of the trans-Siberian railroad to Vladivostok be followed up by the acquisition of a naval station farther south, it is quite within the probabilities that Russia will in time divide with the United States the domination of the Pacific Ocean.

V. GRUBAYÉDOFF

Our Oldest Protestant Church.

IN 1632, twenty-five years after the landing of the English colonists at Jamestown, in Virginia, there was built a brick church in Smithfield, Isle of Wight County. This was one of the first substantial churches built in America, and is to-day the oldest Protestant church standing on this continent. Until the early part of this century it was known as the Old Brick Church, and that fact strongly implies the genuineness of its antiquity. The neighborhood tradition was that the church was built in the year before mentioned, and the traditions of the families resident in the section for many generations corroborate this. Recently the date of its building has been settled beyond doubt by the discovery of bricks in the walls bearing the date 1632. The church was in regular use from then until 1830, six generations of Virginians having attended services there. About that time it was thought to be too far from the centre of the local population, and another church was built. The population has again become thick about the old church, and when the building shall have been restored and repaired it is proposed to resume services there.

It is of record that the Old Brick Church—called St. Luke's now and for more than sixty years past—was so solidly built that no repairs were needed during the first one hundred and five years of its existence. Then it was found that the roof needed to be reshingled, and Peter Woodward made a contract with the vestry in 1737 to re-cover the church with good cypress shingles for seven hundred pounds of tobacco. Mr. Woodward did a good job, for it was not shingled again until 1821. The church not having been used during the past half-century, it fell into decay, and in 1877 a storm so shook it that the roof fell in and also a large part of the eastern wall. Recently there has been a need for a church just in this locality, and it was natural to restore the Old Brick Church. The roof and east wall have been rebuilt, and the walls plastered within. The gallery at the west end of the nave has been rebuilt and the floor and chancel platform relaid. The work rests now for lack of funds, and the picture of the church in this paper is from a photograph at this stage of the restoration. In speaking of the delay in the work the rector of the parish says: "For a year and a half, from entire lack of means, not a lick has been struck." It is to be hoped that pious church people will remedy this lack of means so that some more licks may be struck very shortly, for our oldest Protestant church should be kept in good order and always in commission. Those caring to contribute—and there should be many such—may send subscriptions to the Rev. F. G. Scott,

Rector of Newport Parish, Smithfield, Virginia. When the work is more advanced the stained-glass windows, the pulpit, communion-table and font—all memorial gifts—will be put in. They are now ready and waiting the few more licks that are needed.

P. P.

An Historic Chime.

THE usefulness of the tower of the Old North, otherwise Christ Church, Boston, did not cease when it had furnished a place for the display of Paul Revere's lanterns. A lover of bells has lately brought to light the fact that in the tower hangs a forgotten chime, and the effort which has been made to reclaim it to use has resulted in a general renaissance, throughout the country, of interest in the subject of church chimes. The Christ Church bells came from England in 1744, composing the first chime in this country. The subscriptions for them were collected by John Hancock and Robert Temple, churchwardens, as you may read on the inscriptions. The bells are by Abel Rudhall, of Gloucester, and are of exceptionally fine casting. There is extant a description, written at the time of their hanging by an old English bell-ringer, which analyzes the chord of each bell, as it is produced by the principle, the drone and the over-tones; if they still remain true, Boston will hear one of the sweetest chimes in existence.

But the peculiar value of the Christ Church bells is that they are hung for pealing. Bells so hung are swung, and not hammered; the soft iron tongue strikes when the bell is inverted, and not when the great mouth hangs, a dead weight, refusing to vibrate. As bells rung thus rise and fall, pouring their tones into each others' throats, there sings out that happy, throbbing glory of melody, for which they who have once heard it will never exchange the dull roar of hammered metal. The chiming of stationary bells, from a key-board, or from a revolving cylinder of the music-box sort, may make possible the performance of tunes upon an instrument not adapted to tunes, but pealing alone can fling out upon the air around a belfry that uproar of music, and down upon the souls of men that spell, of which Father Mahoney has sung so sweetly.

There is probably in this country no guild of bell-ringers besides the one lately formed to ply at the Old North Church in Boston. On the morning of April 19th, the new Massachusetts holiday, Salem Street and Copp's Hill will hereafter be filled with echoes which have not been awakened for seventy years. In 1824, on the occasion of Lafayette's visit to Boston, the city fathers obtained the services of eight skilled bell-ringers and revived for one day an even then decayed custom. Since then the bells have been struck a few times, but have not been pealed.

It is the hope of the Boston bell-lovers that the movement may spread, and that, throughout the country, chimes may be re-hung, and the science of campanology revived. Miss Charlotte W. Hawes is devoting herself to the propaganda, and the response her own enthusiasm is winning certainly indicates a general willingness to replace the mechanical chime by the hand-rung peal which it has supplanted. In the rounds, the triples, the changes and the clang there is a possibility of suggestion which more formal music does not possess. The great festivals of the church and the national anniversaries are occasions when the only fitting expression of the sentiment is the peal of bells.

WILLIAM BAYARD HALE.

And Still They Come.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

BERLIN, August 9th, 1894.

It was a busy scene, indeed, last Friday evening, when nearly sixty Americans from the steamer *Columbia* landed in the Palast Hotel on Leipziger Platz. For some hours it recalled an evening at the Fifth Avenue. Everybody talked the unadulterated Yankee lingo, and everybody knew every other body. And such rejoicing at the fact of being once more on terra firma! To have something else about you than merely the oily smell of a steamer; to be gazing on artistic frescoing, costly marble pillars, extravagant French plate mirrors, with Oriental nooks picturesquely arranged in the grand foyers; and, above all, the gilded parlors, upholstered, gobelined—enough, in short, to make you fancy a change from the floating palace on Neptune's moody back to a royal castle near the historic Potsdamer Thor.

Everybody was delighted, but more particularly the manager and his staff, as they had never beheld so many Americans before in one body. And pretty soon the military band, which plays every evening at dinner, began an hour sooner in honor of this occasion, and

opened up with the familiar "Down in Dixie," which was heartily encored from every part of the house.

The most interesting scene, however, occurred an hour or two later, when everybody—I might say the whole crowd—had gathered in the dining-room with an appetite such as only a trip across the ocean can insure. Here the picture really beggars description. In a sea of electric lights reflecting the artistic furnishings of these rooms, with beautifully-robed American women and smart gentlemen in little groups, and larger parties with a sprinkling here and there of German officers in gold-laced uniforms, made the picture a feast for the eye. I gazed long and enthusiastically on the eighty diners in the several rooms, and could scarce turn away from the merriment and good cheer which seemed to animate one and all. It was a harvest as well as a compliment to this exceptional house when, some days later, at parting, every American, without exception, assured Herr Trulsson of their entire satisfaction with the accommodation received.

C. F. D.

Boston's Union Railway Depot.

BOSTON'S Union Depot, recently completed, is a monument to the traditions and artistic sense of her people. The hurrying crowds passing in and out look upon it with complacent pride, knowing that they now have the finest railroad station in America.

The central feature is most striking, a grand arch fashioned after the triumphal Arch of Titus in Rome. It is supported by fluted Ionic columns forty feet high. Back of these double granite columns are pilasters of the same material. Engraved on the right of the entablature is Fitchburg, on the left Boston and Maine, the two railroad systems that have their terminals within. On either side of the arch are graceful arcades of brick with granite trimmings, connecting with the more elevated wings at the north and south ends of the building. The style of architecture is Roman in its strong, plain outlines, while Greek curves and artistic details have been worked into the interior finishings.

The structure is imposing for its ground dimensions rather than for its elevation. It has a frontage of 567 feet on Causeway Street, extending from the Lowell station on Nashua Street on the south to the old Fitchburg station on Haverhill Street on the north. Those depots now seem puny in comparison. The Lowell station is merely part of the south wing, which is 642 feet long. Under the mammoth train-shed within are twenty-three tracks. The approach to the tracks is 460 feet long and 50 feet wide. The train-shed roof is 600 feet long by 460 feet wide, and contains 1,750 tons of iron and 137,000 square feet of glass.

Under the front arcades are spacious rooms. The general waiting-room is one hundred feet square, and has a marble-tile floor. The walls are of ornamental terra-cotta brick. The hip-roof is sustained by a quadrangle of pillars frescoed in varied shades of bronze and gold, while mellow light sifts down through colored glass in the upper walls, and crystal electric chandeliers hang between the pillars. This saloon is for both men and women, and private rooms lead off from either side. The union ticket-office is in the corner of the waiting-room.

The most beautiful part of the station is the corridor under the grand arch leading from the sidewalk to the lobby. Greek bronze fret-work above and at the ends forms the setting for amber-colored glass, through which a soft light is diffused.

The cab-stand is a distinct advance in civilization. In a large arcade stand scores of carriages, with drivers sitting erect like private liverymen in waiting. It is against the depot rules for them to leave their seats, call or motion to passengers. Two carriage directors at the archway meet those desiring vehicles and seat them, while the carriages in line move forward in position.

There is as much out of sight as in sight at this station. Beneath the floors and tracks is a

(Continued on page 145.)

A New Cure for Asthma.

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola Plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola compound free to all sufferers from asthma. Send your name and address on postal-card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.



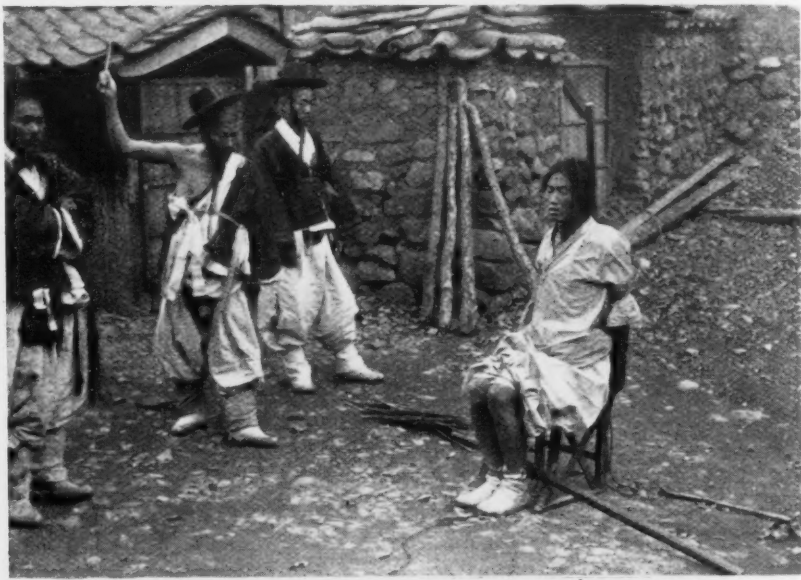
THE HARBOR OF FUSAN.



GATE OF SEOUL, THE CAPITAL.



THE GREAT WALL OF SEOUL.



SOLDIERS PUNISHING A ROBBER.



COREAN SOLDIERS.



COREAN GENERAL AND HIS STAFF.



TWO COREANS TRAVELING.



THE HOUSE OF THE AMERICAN MISSION IN FUSAN.



YOUNG WOMEN OF THE UPPER CLASS.

THE WAR BETWEEN JAPAN AND CHINA IN COREA—TYPES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER IN THE HERMIT KINGDOM.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY A. B. DE GUERVILLE.
Copyrighted by the Arkell Weekly Company.



CHINESE TROOPS LEAVING PEKING FOR COREA.—From *Black and White*.



JAPANESE CAVALRY ON THE MARCH.—From *Black and White*.



Lieutenant of a vessel of war.



A vice-admiral.



Captain of a war-ship.

UNIFORMS OF THE JAPANESE MARINE.
Illustrated London News.



EMBARKATION OF CHINESE TROOPS AT SHANGHAI.—*L'Illustration*.

The Eastern War.

We give elsewhere a number of illustrations apropos of the war between China and Japan, which just now occupies world-wide attention. Both parties to the conflict continue their preparations on a formidable scale, and, so far as can be judged from the meagre information at hand, neither has yet very much the advantage of the other in the number and strength of the forces, land or naval, employed in actual service. China is negotiating a war loan of fifty million dollars, and Japan has issued a domestic loan of equal magnitude, to which the people are said to be eagerly subscribing. It is a somewhat significant fact that in a recent battle the Korean troops co-operated with the Japanese by direct order of the king. This is regarded as a proof that Chinese influence is no longer supreme in Korea.

WEST SHORE RAILROAD.

"SUMMER Excursions with Routes and Rates," with numerous maps and illustrations and lists of summer hotels along the Hudson, among the Catskills, at Saratoga, Lake George, etc., may be obtained of H. B. Jago, General Eastern Passenger Agent, No. 363 Broadway, New York City.

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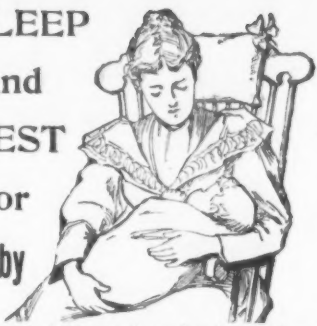
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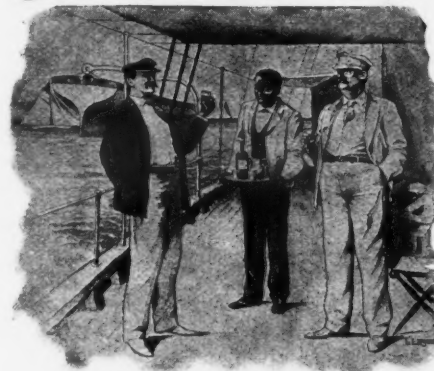
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(Continued from page 141.)

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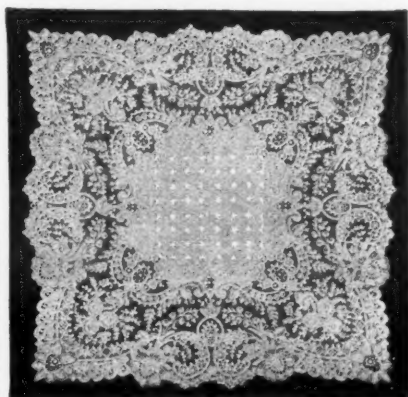
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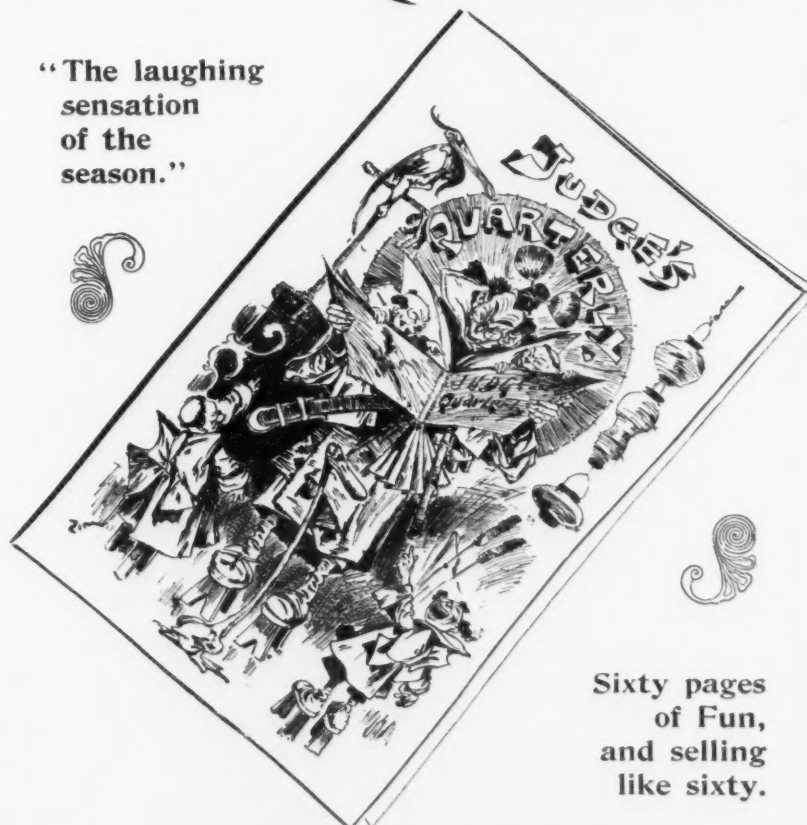
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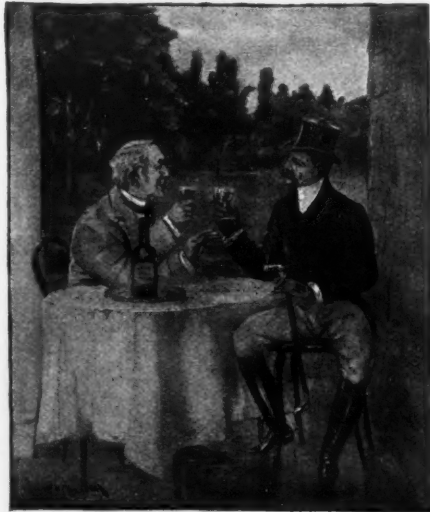
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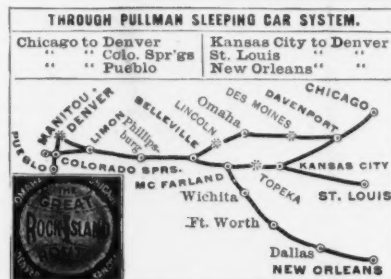
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